Introducing the Thousand Legged Boa

Drawn for The Washington Times

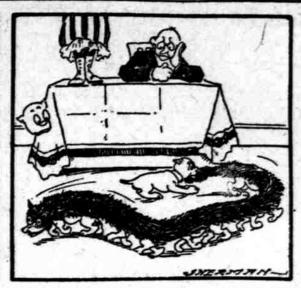
By C. L. Sherman











MAMIE TELLS BELLE

That Votes for Women Are Like Harem Skirts, and to

"LET THE CHILDREN VOTE"



NT to vote, Belle? Would you like to take your lunch through a hose in jail for demandin' your rights too vi'lently, or do b'lieve woman's place is in the kitchen with the other good things? This is a free country, y'know, Belle, and whichever way you think you're liable to be somebody's

The way I figure it out, Belle, the women are not busy with babies or harem skirts, or somepin', have simply got to have somepin' on their minds. the same as they always did, and-well, you don't hear of anybody answerin' those limerick puzzles or makin' bedroom sets out o' cigar bands any more, do you?

But without jokin', Belle, if women knew exac'ly what they wanted, and really wanted it, why, they'd get it—that's all. There never was a man yet that could hold out against that combination. Eve really wanted that apple for dessert, and what could poor Adam do?

But the trouble is they don't know what they want, and that's a bad state of mind to be in if you ever expect to get anything. Do you know Mrs. Sadler, Belle? Well, she's in woman suffrage so strong that every time the newspapers discover that they haven't got anything to go with the account of a fire or a new steamship record, they just run Mrs. Sadler's picture.

Can't Convert Mamie

"Votes, votes!" says Mrs. Sadler. "Lift politics out of the mud. Ain't you tired of havin' the men tramp on your neck?"
"I didn't feel no pressure," I tells her.

"You know what I mean," says Mrs. Sadler. "We women must put politics where it belongs."

"Where does it belong," I want to know.

"It belongs," she says, "it belongs—it belongs—" and do you know, Belle, she hadn't any more idea where it belongs than I have. But it wouldn't do you no good to know that, anyway, Belle,

because no matter where politics belongs, it'll prob'ly never get there. The only man I know that knows the constitution of the United States is a school teacher, and can't vote because he was born in Germany and has never been naturalized. What I say is, "Let the children vote." It'll be a good education for 'em, and it prob'ly won't make any diff'rence in the elections, because the votes'll prob'ly be counted by the same men, anyway.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Peeved, as she spread out her embroidery on her knee and surveyed it critic-

"Why?" answered Mr. Peeved. "that Jugs, or Jars, kid came around and I told him he could go out with him." story. He said once there was a man tles boy! I've told Jackie repeatedly not to dare go anywhere that she boy and has a bad influence on Jackle."

Father's Views

"Bosh," retorted Mr. Peeved. "This nition, "we've heard enough." thing of forbidding a child to go with this person and that person has ruined more boys than the cigarette habit. The sooner you let Jackie understand on, Jackie, it sounds very interesting, that he is to choose and pick among I'm sure.' the other boys for his companions the sooner he will begin to study human "Jackie!" shouted his father, "go to nature and find out for himself just bed at once, and if ever I hear you him to associate with.

"Now I don't know anything about this Mugs boy or whatever his name is; answer to his wife's scandalized exhe looked all right to me, but if he's pression, "one of the boys-a stranger, bad it will do Jackie a word of good he was-started telling that at to find it out for himself, because-" "Had a swell time!" announced time to get away." Jackie, bursting into the room and

"Where's Jackie?" inquired Mrs. flinging his cap at the farthest chair. "Did you Jackie," said the father. 'And how do you like your little friend?"

"Great! He told me an awful funny "What" cried his wife. "That Bot- and he went out and his wife told him associate with him. I don't couldn't go too if she was along, and

what kind of people it is not good for going with that Jugs boy again you'll

club, and I-and I heard it before I had Mrs. Peeved sniffed.

Trailed In the Park; Or, a False Alarm

They strolled through the park, s'happily that one, or, in fact, any Jimmie, yu'll gut uhlong! It ain't jes

(The felicitous use of "s'happily" in this sentence was a large influence yu'll git dere, or know de reason why. in this sentence was a large manufacture you git dere, or know de reason why. In the acceptance of this story. The Yu can't hold de same prim'ry that discerning reader will at once see the in yur head all de time; yu've got to connection between the word and be pushin', an' wurkin', an' strivin' fur "sappily," derived from "sap," which sumpin' higher all de time. Dat's de at once brings to the mind a vivid picture of bursting buds. How much better than to baldly mention that the season was spring!-Ed.)

Yes, they were in love. They had been playmates as children, both of them, and they had gone to school together to the same school. Suddenly a shudder passed over the young man and disappeared up the

bridal path. "There is that ominous rustling sound again," he breathed. (A man must breathe!) "I fear that Jack Dalton has carried out his threat and

put cutthroats upon our trail." The girl drew closer to him. detest cutthroats," she whis

sibilantly through the silence. It was push in yu yu'll think uv uh little beta whistle. The rustling, audible now ter place, an' try tu git it. I done dat,

Scarcely had the mutter passed his them from every surrounding tree. "Jack Dalton's hirelings, begone,"

"We are boy scouts and we've been yu're self. Den cum out strong an' trailing you for two hours. Onward, men; ye have done finely."

On Level Ambition

If yu've got de confidence in yurself s'happily 'that' one, or, in fact, any uh plain case uv bein' satisfied an' number could not but perceive they drudgen' uhlong at de same trade all yur life; it's de feelin' dat yu're goin' tu make sumpin' out uv yurself-dat way tu git uhlong, Jimmie; dat's de way tu make sumpin' out uv yurself-dat's



Suddenly a sinister sound sizzled ley, like mine wus, but if yu've got de on all sides, drew closer and closer. an' now me an' Aunt Tilly's got uh "'Tis them." muttered he. , swell flat up de river uh plece. Don't git uh swell head uver yur proslips when dark figures burst upon pects, Jimmie; don't brag uhbout what yu're goin' tu do, but keep yur ambitions on de level, be square in yur dealin's wid de udder feller, don't take "Not at all," one made answer, no back water, an' keep confidence in

show de udder feller what yur made uv!

Dat's de only way yu'll git dere.

like his looks, and I think he's a rough when he came back she asked him where he'd been and he said-"That'll do, son!" exclaimed Mr. Peeved, with a nervous start of recog-

Mother Interested

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Peeved. "Go

"Well, when she asked him-

hear from me." "You see, Petty," he explained in

Reddy Smith



HAD SOME.

ENT

By JAMES

H. HAMMON

BY JOVE! THE PASS WORKED

LIKE ACLOCK

NOW IF I ONLY

EAT

OH ! YOU



He Takes a

Treat









SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Girl Who Ridicules Her Lover's Ambitions



'D LIKE to shake you! I can't see why a girl sets up obstacles in her own road to marriage. For sheer unadulterated and idiotic blindness to your own interests, you can positively outclass any human ostrich who ever stuck her head under the sand of her own silliness.

A poisoned sword plunged into a breast and turned slowly against the grain of his living flesh never hurt worse than the lance of your laughter. The slow seep of the venom through the blood never tortured more than your scorn. You lacerate his pride and paralyze his ambition. And you stir a dull, aching rebellion in him that may end in his hating you.

His Shuffling Feet

You went to hear his maiden political speech. He was an oratorical failure. You saw his awkward hands, sticking from the white rim of his cuffs in red hugeness. You watched him gulp down his stage fright and swallow his words as well. His shuf-

And, when you joined him later, and he looked at you with the tragic hope in his eyes that he had not been quite so dreadful as he feared, you LAUGHED AT HIM. It was when their knights fell, un-

successful, in the lists that women of old defied appearances and flew to staunch their wounds with love and their dress-up vells. But you meanly forsake a man when he needs you most. There are others who will help him to enjoy his triumph. You ought to share his defeat.

But no, you laugh! You do it to discourage him from making another effort. You feel ridiculous because he looked so; and you are his sweetheart. You do not like to be asso clated with any but pleasant, ,easy. well-ordered things and people.

If he cannot be a finished product

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



Whether Champ Clark will do as much for the tobacco combine as

at the start, you want him not to make you conspicuous as he learns how. You think of yourself as his sweetheart. You do not think of him as your lover and your possible husband. His ambitions are for your future as well as his. He is fired with a belief in himself; and you extract it with your laughter.

If Demosthenes had had you about, he would not, at this moment, be sending his eloquent, soundless voice down the centuries. You would have laughed at his stammering. You would have said, with all that hatefulness which a girl can scrape up on occasions, Demy, dear, you are a joke! Don't make speeches! Make hay with the other farmers!"

He Will Find Company

Possibly, though, he did have s weetheart. Perhaps, that is why he fled to the seashore and the waves' companionship. But let me tell you, that the seashore is not the lonely place it used to be. Your sweetheart will find company if you drive him there. And the company may be feminine and sympathetic. It may know that a man's ambitions are the

It's a terrible risk to let another woman get a chance to sympathize with a man you want to hold.

NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR As Told in Daily

Dispatches Printed

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY



IE memorable struggle which attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and known as the civil war, began just fifty years ago.

The old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched, and from day to day the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented as they appeared in each section at that

From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the news is drawn from several sources, including files of old

papers in several of the larger cities.

The Southern View April 13, 1861 (Saturday)

The United States flag on Fort Sum-

kept up all night on Fort Sumter. Anderson ceased to fire in return at 6 p.
m. All night he was engaged in repairing damages and protecting his Pickens and myself that provisions barbette guns. He commenced to return will be sent to Fort Sumter, peacehis fire this morning at 7 o'clock, but ably, if possible, otherwise, by force." seems to be greatly disabled. At 9 Secretary of War Demands o'clock this morning a dense smoke poured out from Fort Sumter. federal flag is now at half mast, signaling distress.

A third dispatch says: "The ships are in the offing, quietly at anchor. refused, proceed as you see fit to re-They have not fired a gun. The en-tire roof of Anderson's barracks is in a vast sheet of flame. Two of Anderson's magazines have exploded. Occasional shots are fired on him from Fort Moultrie.

Of Fort Sumter

"Victory belongs to South Carolina," says a later dispatch. "With the display of a flag of truce on its ramparts, Fort Sumter, at half past 1 o'clock, ceased firing and unconditionally surrendered The South Carolinians had no idea that 2000 Confederate Troops the fight would end soon. It is not known when the Carolinians will oc- Arrive at Charleston cupy Fort Sumter or what will be done with the vanquished.

Mr. Marmaduke Johnson, a member ing himself with a bludgeon and knife, Sumter's guns have been silenced, and it is alleged, waylays and assaults Mr. a breach has been made in the south-John M. Daniel, editor of a Richmond newspaper, who had ridiculed him edi- in position, only seven have opened

Northern Preparations Indicate Blockade

Dispatches from New York say that the government has chartered the Anderson is resting his men, as he steamers Philadelphia and Ericsson, has ceased to return the fire. The former, it is stated, is rapidly filling with provisions, army stores and withstand a lengthy siege, except for munitions of war. The latter will the scarcity of provisions. The walls emergency. It is believed that the gov masonry, sixty feet high, and from ernment intends to blockade every port eight to twelve feet in thickness, in the confederate states.

The Northern View April 13, 1861 (Saturday) War has begun! The batteries on

ter is down, says a Charleston dis- Sullivan's island, Morris island and patch, and the white flag is displayed other points opened fire on Fort in its place. A boat was seen approaching the fort with a white flag. Major Anderson has not fired a gun for four hours.

Sumter at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Fort Sumter returned the fire, and a brisk cannonade has been kept up ever since. Last night General Another-dispatch reads: "At inter- Beauregard sent the following televals of twenty minutes, the fire was gram to the secretary of war of the

"An authorized messenger from Lincoln has just informed Governor

The Evacuation of Fort Sumter

The secretary replied as follows: "You will demand the immediate evacuation of Fort Sumter. If this is

duce it.' General Beauregard at once communicated with Major Anderson, notifying him of his instructions and re-

ceived the following reply: "I have the honor to acknowledge your communication demanding the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and regret to say it is a demand with which my sense of honor and of my obligation to my government prevent my com-

pliance. Upon the receipt of this answer, Beauregard at once opened fire

The following dispatch was received

at Philadelphia at 9.30 last night: "Firing has continued all day withof the Virginia state convention, arm- out intermission. Two of Fort west wall. Of the nineteen batteries torially for his oratorical efforts in the fire on Fort Sumter; the remainder are being held in reserve for the ex-

pected fleet. At 2 a. m. word was received that the bombardment was still going on every twenty minutes from the mortars. It is supposed that Major

Fort Sumter is well equipped to probably be held in reserve in case of are of solid brick and concrete plerced for three tiers of guns.

Our Grocery Clerk Says All Is Vanity

Being a man of the world you may have heard that Thursday is the day every good cook allows the missis to muss up the kitchen while she visits her sister. The boss has heard it, too, mong a billion or so other litue scraps of information, and that's why he chose Wednesday to get rid of that double line of bottled olives that had been doing nothing but gather dust

for the past month. Strictly on their merits as olives they would have made any cocktail throw out its chest, but they were a brand



that people never heard of, so our customers have been giving them the blassy eye and sticking to Beinz's olives.

Well, to get back to the olives, the oss saw his chance when a down-andout peddler wandered in the place with uscious green ribbon to sell cheap. The boss bought about ten yards and tied a piece about a foot long around the neck of each olive bottle in a classy little bow. Enter the cooks on Wednesday, exit the olives. Told the missis we were all out of the other kind, I bet, or else we didn't have any onions, so they bought olives, and—well, I wager the ribbons much by its title page as its table of made a hit with sister.

Paragraphic Yarn With a Real Moral

Polly Prim lay great stress upor

To be fastidiously garbed was an obsession with her. Her right name was Polly without

the Prim, but she got the affix by reason of her exactness in dress. Next to being stylishly dressed, Polly enjoyed strolling on the boule-

vard with the feminine procession. About Easter time Polly got a new black and white striped flannel suit. She put it on the Sunday before

Easter and started out for a little walk. Polly was satisfied when she saw everybody "looking her over." She strolled finally over the bridge

which spans the railroad tracks in the heart of the city. It was just time for the limited express to pass. Instead of being made of cement

the bridge floor was of timber with long cracks between the boards. The limited shot along toward the bridge.

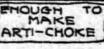
Thinking of her new suit, Polly started to run. The fireman in the passenger engine put on more coal.

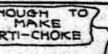
The train passed swiftly under the bridge. The smoke stack was directly under where Polly stood.

MORAL















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PRIZE RIDDLE TODAY
IF YOU CANNOT HEAR THE HIGHTFALL BECAUSE THE SUGAR IS RAISINGCAME, WILL THE CORN STALK
FORTH TO PRESERVE ORDER?

Z-z-z-t!